# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### An Appeal by Macedonian Women

**To the Free Nations and to the International Conscience**

Having succeeded in escaping from the persecution of the Yugoslav authorities and having set foot upon the territory of a free European country, where I can speak freely without risking my life, and sign my own name and not that which the Serbs have forced upon me, I hasten to fulfil a duty and a promise made to my companions and my sisters, who remain in the presence of the misery and terror of the persecution and assassination of their fathers, brothers and husbands, and to launch an appeal to the public opinion of the world, and especially to the women's organizations, soliciting their moral support and their esteemed intervention with the object of bringing to a conclusion the odious regime instituted by the Serbs in my country. . . .

**Declarations by Extortion**

At the beginning of last July, the Serbs instituted a plan prepared a long time ago with the aim of breaking the spirit of the Macedonian intellectuals and of compromising them in the eyes of their people, after the processes at Skopie and elsewhere had covered with glory the national martyrs. . . . These intellectuals were forced by threats and intimidations to sign declarations according to which they "avowed" to have been at the "service of the Committee," but that they repented and recognized themselves to be Serbs, etc. They were given a time-limit of two or three days in which to sign the declarations prepared by the police with the order to introduce the name of a comrade who could be approached in like fashion, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The same intimidation was practised towards myself and my brother, Pantcho Véleff, diplômé in pharmacy, who, as a result of the methods adopted, succumbed in several days. We were entirely innocent of the charges leveled against us. But we happened to have a strong Bulgarian national sentiment which had a certain influence over our small brothers and sisters and protected them against the poison of denationalization, and that was why we were among the first who were to be compromised and subsequently annihilated.

It is difficult to describe the torments of my comrades placed under the incessant surveillance of the secret agents. But I will briefly relate that which befell me personally:

**In the Office of the "Ban" Jika Lazitch**

I was several times summoned before the "ban," Jika Lazitch, under whose responsibility are performed all the acts of violence and the assasinations perpetrated in Macedonia. Previously, I had been interrogated by the chief of the political service of the banovine, Arsa Petrovitch. This individual attempted to do violence to

(*Continued on page* 31)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1931 NUMBER 2

### MELODIST OF RIGHT

**You sneered at God; you plunged to hell**
**When you locked Gandhi within a cell.**
**You twirled a rope around your neck;**
**You made of life a shattered wreck.**

**You strove to bend a stalwart tree**
**And smash a hill. For Gandhi's free. . .**
**One melodist of right redeems**
**The many hearts that hold no dreams!**

FANIA KRUGER

---

Herbert Hoover has reached the half-way mark in his administration. As we look back over the past two years, we are inclined to believe that the President will go down in history as the unluckiest man who ever entered the White House. Everything has broken wrong from the beginning. The business collapse, with its resulting hard times and unemployment, was a major calamity. As though this were not enough, there came last summer the unprecedented drought which has set the government feeding its own people as it fed in other days the Indians and Chinese. Then, at just this time, partly coincident and partly *vera causa,* European conditions became catastrophic, and remain so still. When before, in all our history, was ever a President plunged so suddenly into complete and uncontrollable disaster? Yet Mr. Hoover's misfortunes cannot all be attributed to ill-luck. He is himself responsible for many of his troubles in that he has been badly advised, or else has shown a curious inaptitude in the face of swiftly changing conditions. Thus, his stream of Pollyanna utterances about the business depression, which flowed like treacle through all last year, was ridiculous when it was not out-and-out inane. His repeated political humiliations in his contacts with the Republican National Committee have been largely of his own making. His quarrels with Congress could have been pacified by an abler or a wiser man. Some of his specific actions have been awful—as, for example, his nomination of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court after the flare-up over Hughes. Above all, has Mr. Hoover conspicuously failed to give the nation that positive, aggressive, courageous and idealistic type of leadership which the confusions of this age so sorely need. Hiding himself away in the White House, he has spoken no word to fire the people, done no deed to point the way. We are in the wilderness, and need Moses—and Moses is not here!

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But the Hoover record is not wholly bad. The London Conference on disarmament was a first class feat of statesmanship, equally creditable to Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald, who are not to be blamed for its weak and innocuous conclusion. If the President has not led a bold fight for the entrance of the United States into the World Court, he has at least not evaded a ticklish issue, but done his part in promptly passing on the treaty for the consideration of the Senate, where responsibility now lies. The fiasco of the Wickersham Report should not obscure the fact that Mr. Hoover's appointment of this Commission is the only serious attempt that has been made to face the Prohibition situation and think it through, and that Mr. Hoover's own action has been clear, courageous and straightforward. Incidentally, in this administration, Prohibition enforcement is for the first time since the passage of the Amendment being handled honestly, seriously, and efficiently. We shall see results in due course! Less conspicuous, but not less notable, was Mr. Hoover's settlement of the Haitian dispute, the finest piece of Caribbean statesmanship in our time. Now Nicaragua promises to be settled with equal justice and goodwill, and the terrible mistakes of Mr. Coolidge thus retrieved. Secretary Stimson's reinterpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, an epoch in the history of American diplomacy, should also be accredited in at least equal shares to the President. Mr. Hoover is unpopular, and not all unjustly so. His misreading of the industrial situation is enough to damn any political leader in the eyes of a people faced with starvation and cold. But no complete indictment is fair. There is much in the work of this administration highly deserving of recognition and praise. The worst of the bad times must soon be over. Mr. Hoover may be happier in the next two years than he has been in the last.

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The degeneracy of popular government in the United States was never more terribly demonstrated than by the recent action of Congress in the matter of the soldiers' bonus. For weeks the two houses had

been wrangling over the question of relief for the starving on the farms and in the cities. The House was obdurate in refusing any relief at all from the national treasury. Then, presto, in a few hours there is rushed through Congress, with a whoop which would disgrace a gang of cowboys, a bill appropriating not millions but hundreds of millions for the Legionaires. Whether these ex-soldiers are in actual need or not makes no difference—one and all are invited to plunge their hands into the treasury and help themselves to all the gold that they can carry away! It is true, to be sure, that this money is given to the veterans in the form of loans on their insurance certificates. But what of that? Is it not certain that, when these certificates fall due, or long before, Congress will pass another bonus bill relieving the poor soldiers of all their borrowings? The history of pension legislation in this country is one long and dreadful scandal, and it is evident that the World War veterans are going to outdo the Civil War veterans if they can find the way. Meanwhile, in the present situation, disgrace is divided between Congress and the American Legion. The latter, like so many free-booters, simply raided the treasury; the former aided and abetted the outrage. Only President Hoover, and the handful of representatives and senators who voted "Nay," come forth with credit. Mr. Hoover, by his steadfast opposition, crowned with his prompt, courageous, and yet ineffectual veto, has done much to restore his standing with intelligent and responsible citizens. A few more acts like this, and the President will be popular again!

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The naval officers of the country, and all the "big-navy" fanatics with them, are yelping in despair over the failure of the navy construction bill in the last Congress, which provided $90,635,000 to build new ships of war to bring the navy up to the limit set by the London Treaty. "Navy officials," reports the New York *Herald-Tribune,* a faithful administration organ, "made no secret of the fact that they considered the abandonment of the measure as a serious blow at American naval strength." But why "a serious blow?" There is no question of competition with any other navy, no question of danger from any other power, save that of England. And what remotest possibility is there of this country going to war with England? Why should we even contemplate such a thing, least of all prepare for it? There is plenty of menace of war in the world, no doubt about that. But if there is one place where such menace has disappeared, never to return, it is in relations between America and Great Britain. Granted that there may be disputes between the two governments, granted the truth of all that Ludwell Denny says in his sensational books, we still contend that the sheer resistance of the public opinion in the two countries would make fighting impossible. Competition between the navies of these nations, the only danger still lurking in Anglo-American relations, would be criminal. If England wants to build, let her do so. She has perils and commitments of which this nation knows nothing, and which justify, if anything can justify, a navy of which this nation has no need. So we count the defeat of this navy construction measure in the last Congress a blessed event. Its significance becomes momentous when we realize that the best efforts of "big-navy" men of the Senator Hale type failed to stir a ripple of public interest or support.

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In New York State there has been an insistent demand upon the part of the people that the Legislature order an official investigation into the corruption of municipal government in New York City. Inasmuch as the Legislature is Republican by a small margin in both houses, and the administration in the city is Democratic, it would seem as though the investigation would be ordered with a whoop. But not so! "Boss" Ward, of Westchester, a Republican dictator who holds no office, but, like Curley of Tammany Hall, works his will by pulling the strings of his official puppets, has defeated the best endeavors of Republicans by voting his Westchester legislators (all Republicans!) against the proposed inquiry. Why should he do such a thing? Well, among other things, Ward's bailiwick is near New York, and the "old man" has long been on friendly terms with the Tammany gang. Then, too, Ward is a manufacturer of nuts and bolts, has long had contracts with the New York City Hall, and just now sees enormous subway construction going forward, with demands for millions upon millions of these same nuts and bolts. Is not the situation plain? It's the old story of the bi-partisan combine, which works one way in one place and another way in another, but always against the public and in the interest of personal profit. Also, it's the old story of politics subdued by business, the government seized and exploited by private industry. It is when we meet a situation of this kind, so many times repeated in all sections of the country and under the rule of both parties, that we become most a Socialist. For Socialism applies no salves nor balsams to this cancer. On the contrary, it takes the knife, and cuts straight and sure to the very roots of the horrid growth. Our danger today is not the invasion of business by government, but rather the capture of government by business. Socialism at least recognizes this evil and attempts to grapple with it. If there is any alternative, what is it?

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When Premier MacDonald moved into 10 Downing Street, he apparently packed up all his frankness and sincerity in the old home, and left them there pending his retirement from public office. At any rate, he

has little of that honest forthrightness of thought and speech so characteristic of his great colleague, Philip Snowden, but on the contrary shows a capacity for indirection and deception which would do credit to a Disraeli. Of course, it may be true that Mr. MacDonald is sincere in the sense that he is deceiving himself, but obviously he is deceiving nobody else. Successive utterances about the London Conference, the Indian situation, unemployment in England, have simply left the public mystified as to whether the Prime Minister is a Machiavelli or just a plain, everyday simpleton. This query is stirred anew by Mr. MacDonald's letter on the Palestine situation. He declares that in this letter he is clarifying and thus properly interpreting the much-abused and misunderstood Passfield White Paper. As a matter of fact, he is doing nothing of the sort. Rather is he repudiating that White Paper, and doing it so effectually that the newspaper correspondents immediately surmise the pending resignation of Lord Passfield. What a pity that the Premier could not admit frankly that the White Paper was not only a mistake but a crime, and that he must do his utmost to fulfil Britain's solemn pledge to support and advance the interests of the Jewish National Homeland! But perhaps we can disregard all such matters of form, and be well-content that outraged Jewry, backed by the conscience of the free world, has forced at last a back-down of the British cabinet on the outrageous Passfield policy. Mr. MacDonald has by no means gone as far as he should, but he has undoubtedly gone as far as he could in the exigencies of party politics. The main thing is that Zion has been delivered from wanton betrayal and ultimate ruin.

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## Ten Church Leaders

### VII. Rufus M. Jones

Among the Ten Church Leaders named by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise is Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College. He flew this way to get into my net on Ash Wednesday in the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue, New York. Dr. William P. Merrill, for twenty years pastor of the Brick Church, is having all kinds of meetings going on during Lent—quite rivaling the more liturgical communions in services. Rufus M. Jones was a kind of "curtain-raiser" for Lent.

As I sat in the auditorium, where 300 had gathered, and read the big letters around the ceiling, "Let all the People Praise Thee, O God," and heard the sweet strains of the organ at the back, I thought of some of the men who had spoken from that pulpit as pastors, such as Henry Van Dyke and Maltie Babcock. I think this church was where Norman Thomas ministered in some capacity when a young man. (Some day, devout Socialist pilgrims may reverently touch the spot where he stood. Better note, it!) And the present pastor, Dr. Merrill, is a man of poetic and spiritual parts—as were his predecessors. Some of our best peace hymns are from his pen.

And now, Rufus M. Jones, Quaker, opens Lent in the Brick Church. Rather dramatic, it seemed to me—a Quaker opening Lent in a Presbyterian Church! And, in a gown! Said Dr. Jones to Dr. Merrill after the service, "In former days, a Friend would not have gone into a Presbyterian Church." Said Dr. Merrill to Dr. Jones, "And you wouldn't have been invited." Some change! How do you explain it? Has there been a gain, or a loss?

While Dr. Merrill is getting ready to announce the first hymn, let me say that Rufus M. Jones is Professor of Philosophy in Haverford College. Has been for some years! He can boast that half of the graduates of Haverford have been under his instruction. He is noted as being a good interpreter of the philosophers of the centuries. He has a wide acquaintance among the scholars of the world, and has traveled widely. A few years ago he was invited by the Y. M. C. A. of China (a live organization) to give lectures to students up and down the land. I am told that he was the only man whom the Chinese and Americans could combine on in inviting. Partly because he was a man of peace! Glory be—the day is hastening on when citizenship in America will be denied, if to any, to those who are willing to kill for their country! I suggest that Dr. Merrill seriously consider whether a national flag ought to be so prominent in a House of the Father of all People? No lack of respect for the flag, and for what it stands, but a respect for the eternal fitness of things!

"O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go"—Matheson's hymn—was the first one given out by Dr. Merrill. Another was "Breathe on Me, Breath of God." And the last hymn that sent us out into the night of the city was the Quaker's hymn, "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind . . . The beauty of Thy peace . . . O still small voice of calm." Our homes and lives would be far richer if such hymns were dropped into our being while we are being trained. Our hymn-books are certainly more inspired than our histories and law-books—which I fear is not praising much!

And what did Rufus M. Jones, Friend, say at the Brick Church, on Fifth Avenue, on Ash Wednesday?

He spoke on the "Cultivation of Inner Sources of Power" so as to be ready to meet whatever happens, also to "do all things" in victory. He expressed regret whenever finding religion dropping down to a utilitarian basis, where it is demanded that every saint shall be utilized for running a sewing machine, as Twain describes it in King Arthur's Court. Religion should be a first-hand, over-brimming experience of life. It is a "fresh invitation of life." "Self is fused and integrated with mystical experience." There are two types of religion. One is weighted down with burdens; the other is a wing to lift up. He commended the inscription on a certain woman's tomb, "She did what she couldn't do."

Faith is the victory that overcometh the world. Laying hold of the unseen is needed to realize the seen. A real down-and-outer is one who has lost inner resources. There is no substitute for loss of invisible assets. That recovery is by faith in God.

But futility presents a more difficult situation to face than even frustration. Ours is an age of frantic immediacy. After all, what is gained by speed if we don't know where we are going? However, at heart we are not satisfied by futility. There is no way out but in the discovery of God. That's the mission of the age: the discovery of God. We must not be satisfied with being resigned. We must be as earnest in finding God as in other searches which engross us, for finding God is the result of serious intention. We must go at it with the intention that Helen Keller did in her great endeavors. There is a prayer that has come down out of the past we may well consider, "May we so live in the midst of temporal things that we may not lose things eternal." Be able to say with John, "I was in Patmos (prison)" but, "I was in the Spirit." We must live in both worlds.

We may expect four things as a result of such faith: (1) Fortification of life for adventuring to victory. We cannot drift. (2) Life becomes a new condition of optimism. There may be black and white squares—but life is a white background though there may be black squares in it. (3) We are able to live with serenity. To accomplish this we must insist on securing time and silence. We must possess joy in radiance and be lighted up with overbrimming happiness. (4) A life that creates an atmosphere for others to live in. One thus joins the choir invisible. He is possessed with a public spirit. He becomes a member of some group that, living perhaps in some backwoods town in Maine (Rufus M. Jones was here hinting at the place of his birth and childhood), creates an atmosphere, so that "you thank God that you were born in that town!"

If you wish to know when Rufus M. Jones was born, what books he has published, what degrees he has received (a Quaker nearly chokes when he swallows a degree), what commissions he has served on, turn to "Who's Who"; it is all there written down by our contemporary archaeologists.

It is a wholesome thing to have such a philosopher among us interpreting life in terms of ethics and religion. Dr. Merrill chose the right man to lead off in the Lenten meetings.

I rarely see a Quaker, as I did Rufus M. Jones at Brick Church, without feeling a desire to tell the Quakers what I think of them! This disposition may be a Puritan hang-over. If I had all the Quakers of the land before me, what would I say? Not cut off their heads! Probably maintain silence for a while, being tongue-tied; for, among Christians, they are probably the best of the lot. There have been some people, some nations, that wouldn't trust any Christian but a Quaker! They are the best of us—but they might be so much better! I do not join in reflections cast upon the President because he is a Quaker. I am mighty glad he is and can preach such democratic doctrine that our security depends upon meeting emergencies by the resources of individuals and of the local community. These are solid American principles. They need working, not cursing.

Naturally, I wish the Quakers were more consistent in the application of the principle of non-resistance while in war, and the principle of inner guidance when faced by state authority. I often wish that they would wake themselves up and go out and wake up the rest of us, for they have the "gospel." Ten Quakers, all aflame, overbrimming with conquering faith, doing what they couldn't do, could start a movement in America for peace and justice that would carry all before it. Serenity is not sufficient. Creating an atmosphere is not enough. A technique of adaptation to the present age falls short. There must be a penetrating faith, as Rufus M. Jones intimated. I need not quote, "Be not transformed to this age." This age needs tremendously to be made over. The Quakers have the "gospel." There is a call for ten men and women, overbrimming with fiery enthusiasm and joy, eager to proclaim and apply the "gospel." Bands of *singing* Quakers would help. It wouldn't disturb me to hear a Quaker "shout." If people get overbrimmed with victorious faith, they cannot help singing and making a "joyful noise."

Where are the Ten Quaker Pauls and Hannahs? Ten would have done the job in Sodom even. They may be just around the corner.

SYDNEY STRONG.

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## Jottings

Alfonso of Spain has been king for forty-seven year. Perhaps he is trying to reach the half-century mark for the sake of the record.

---

All of the first American presidents through Martin Van Buren are included in the famous "American Statesmen" series of biographies. How many of the last American presidents would be included in a second series, if such were undertaken? Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson—any others?

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Lent is traditionally the season of penalty and penance. Cardinal Hayes undoubtedly had this fact in mind when he ordered that, in all the Catholic churches of his diocese, the Pope's Encyclical be "read and commented upon until finished."

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We suppose that King Zog, of Albania, is a real king, as Albania is a real kingdom. If so, we know where to see Gog and Magog, and where to visit the Wizard of Oz.

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The triumphs of radio are really beyond belief. Thus, on Washington's birthday, Viscount Grey, of Fallodon, spoke from London to America in a nation-wide hook-up, and told listening millions that "Washington was a really great man."

Medical Examiner Norris, of New York, states that we do not know how many deaths there are in this country from alcoholism, since many physicians conceal this cause of death in order to save the families of the deceased from disgrace. *"Disgrace!"* Why, we thought that, in this Prohibition age, it was glorious, or at least exceedingly smart and swanky, to die from alcoholism. J. H. H.

## India as an International Problem*

We are so used to hearing of the *Pax Britannica* as the crowning benefit of British Rule in India that the legend has acquired a kind of hoary sanctity. Englishman and Indian alike, we imbibe it in early boyhood from school history text-books, carefully written to feed the pride of the one, and the servility of the other. It has always been a wonder to me that no one has invented a symbol for this Pacific Imperialism—a sort of Eagle-Dove, for example; a feathered Janus which would signify at once the two functions of Empire and the two-faced character of the Imperialist.

However, I will not anticipate an invention which is better left to the genius of some true-blue Christian missionary. My function, alas, is that of the *Advocatus Diaboli;* and it is my painful duty to make a critical analysis of the claim that the British Empire is a suburb of the Kingdom of Heaven.

History records that at the time of the foundation of the East India Company the power of the Great Moghals was nearing its end. It was such a period as the world has often witnessed, when the destinies of nations are re-shaped. From the chaos that followed the breaking-up of the Roman Empire, a new and healthier civilization arose. In a later age the power of Spain was broken for the betterment of mankind. But in India the normal course of political evolution was frustrated at the most critical turn in her history, and the transient despotism of the Moghal emperors was replaced by a system that rooted itself deeply and rapidly by every available means. The dependence of India was to be not one political but commercial: her subservience was to be not only outward, but inward and psychological, the product of a diabolical system of education.

It is impossible to say with certainty what would have happened if India had been left to herself. The history of mankind is so full of surprises that none can tell whether India's development would have been swifter or slower than that of the West. Few would have dared to prophesy at one time that the Kingdom of the Pharaohs would one day become a dependency of an unknown island beyond the Pillars of Hercules. In more recent times Japan stood forth suddenly as the rival and equal of the Western Powers. And so the alternative destiny that lay before India must always be a matter of purest speculation. All that we know is the price that India and the world have paid for what actually happened, and the reckoning that yet awaits us, if cause and effect still hold good in the political world.

The early history of the British in India is bound up with the question of Anglo-French relations. Or perhaps it would be more true to say that Anglo-French relations at that time were bound up with British and French ambitions in India. It is in any case certain that Anglo-French rivalry had no solid basis in Continental affairs. England and France opposed each other in the Austrian Succession War (1741-1748) as the sponsors of Austria and Prussia respectively. Seven years later they stood face to face once more; but in respect of the dispute that was still the main issue on the continent (i. e., the possession of Silesia) the two powers had changed sides.

It was, in fact, apparent, both from this evidence and the known policy of the older Pitt, who was all-powerful from 1757-1761, that the real quarrel between France and England lay in India and Canada. Pitt subsidized Frederick of Prussia to keep the French armies busy in Europe whilst he worked out his designs in the remoter parts of the earth. For over twenty years (1741-1763) England and France conducted their feud on land and sea, in what may be considered the first world war. In Canada the red Indians were drawn into the butchery. Central Europe was made the battle-ground of a bloody struggle. In India the divisions between rival nawabs was exploited; and in a sea of carnage Britain's first Imperialists laid the foundations of Empire.

From this time the British power in India remained undisputed, but India by no means ceased to be a cause of wars. Without doubt it was the British power in the East that fired Napoleon with the ambition to found a great eastern empire, and sent him on his ill-fated expedition to Egypt. The conquest of Egypt was to have been the first step in a plan that Bonaparte had laid before the French "Directory" for a campaign in southern India, where Tipu Sultan had promised his support.

Four years after the battle of the Nile the Peace of Amiens brought a short respite to the world, and when hostilities broke out again the following year, the cause was extremely significant. The Isle of Malta had been captured from the Knights of St. John by Bonaparte on his way to Egypt, and subsequently recaptured by the English. The British Government was not slow to realize the value of this stronghold in protecting the route to India, and our retention of the island had already been the occasion of war with Russia (J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People" pp. 818, 819). Its restoration to its rightful owners was one of the terms of the Peace of Amiens, and Britain's failure to fulfil this pledge was the direct cause of the renewal of Anglo-French hostility in May, 1803. Mr. Prothero, an imperialist of the deepest dye, says in his book, "The Development of the British Empire" (p. 80): "It's retention marks the entry of India and her affairs into European politics, for Malta was a stronghold on the way to Egypt and the Red Sea route to India." We have seen that this statement is not strictly accurate; but it is interesting to notice that even the apologists of Empire have to admit the far-reaching effects of Imperial policy in disturbing the world's peace. "Bony" was the last Frenchman to aim at "the brightest jewel in the English Crown," and with this (be it noted) Anglo-French rivalry comes to an end, except for sporadic instances.

From this time onwards British diplomacy becomes more and more obsessed with what is now known

*The author of this article is an Englishman, a Quaker, who has lived in India and is a friend of Gandhi.—Editor.

as "The Russian Bogey." Whether Russia ever actually had designs on India or not will never perhaps be ascertained, but it is a historical fact that our foreign policy up to and even after the formation of the Triple Entente, was dictated largely by fear of Russian aggression in the East.

It is a cynical reflection upon the relative values attached to commerce and religion that England, which had once taken a leading part in the Crusades, now put forth all her power to conserve the Ottoman Empire. On the Red Sea route a subservient Turkey was considered preferable to a belligerent Russia; and for the next 100 years the British Government became absorbed in wars and intrigues in the "Near East."

This was the cause of our interference in the quarrel between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan. "Palmerston," according to the epilogue to Green's History, "had a single purpose—so to restore the old boundaries of the Turkish Empire that it should remain in occupation of the roads to India." The action of England at that time in driving Mehemet Ali out of Asia nearly led to war with France. Rejecting an enlightened French proposal for the freedom or neutrality of the Suez and Euphrates routes, we protected the road to India our own way. The Treaty of London (1841) secured the Empire of Britain by guaranteeing that of the Sultan, and the Syrian Christians (for whose case France had pleaded) were restored to the Pax Ottomana.

Meanwhile on the north-west frontier of India the diplomatic "necessities" of empire had been levying their toll in blood and money. The first Afghan War was an act of aggression unsurpassed in the history of imperial enterprise. Dost Mohamed is described by Justin McCarthy as "a sincere lover of his country, and on the whole a wise and just ruler," and his only crime was that he had entered into friendly relations with Russia on being cold-shouldered by the British authorities in India. For this cause we declared war—a war that lasted four years, brought neither profit nor credit to any of the parties concerned, and ended in the restoration of the original *status quo*.

The Crimean War, with its terrible cost in human life, is the next landmark in our imperial history. Here again we were fighting for the integrity of the Turkish Empire as a corollary of our Indian policy. Eleven years later Europe hovered on the verge of another war, when the bombastic imperialism of Disraeli threw us into a diplomatic conflict with Russia over the same issue. The atrocities committed by the Turkish Government in 1876 were probably unequalled in the whole record of the Ottoman Empire, and were made the subject of a vigorous political campaign by Mr. Gladstone. However, in the words of Justin McCarthy, "The cry went forth. . . that the moment the Turks went out of Constantinople, the Russians must come in. Nothing could have been better suited to rouse up reaction and alarm" ("Short History of our own Times," p. 414). "Lord Beaconsfield was for maintaining Turkey *at all risks* as a barrier against Russia. Mr. Gladstone was for removing all responsibility for Turkey and taking the consequences" (*Ibid p. 415*). The risks were doubtless felt by the world at large, and more particularly by the Sultan's subjects in Bulgaria.

This time, however what Disraeli called "Peace with Honor" was maintained. "Peace with Honor" was the work of the Congress of Berlin, where the British Prime Minister made, with the other delegates, a solemn statement that he was not bound by any secret engagements affecting the matters under discussion. In point of fact he was bound by two such engagements, of which one was a promise to maintain Turkey in all her Asiatic possessions against all invasion in return for the occupation of Cyprus by Great Britain. By such "honorable" means was the road to India secured once more.

The protection of this route had acquired additional importance by the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. Our continual interference in Egyptian politics which followed this event may be traced chiefly to the military necessities arising from the Indian Empire. For this reason Disraeli had bought the Khedive's shares in the Canal Company and England therefore continued her aggression in the Near East after France had abandoned the dual control of Egypt. On the bombardment of Alexandria the author of "The Development of the British Empire" writes, "France was unwilling to interfere . . . but England could not leave the Suez Canal to be dealt with as Arabi chose." Bloody campaigns followed as a result, in Egypt and the Soudan.

The year following the Congress of Berlin was marked by a second attack on Afghanistan, as utterly unjustified as the first. "The Government," says Justin McCarthy, "determined to send a mission to Shere Ali . . . the ruler of Kabul, in order to guard against Russian intrigue by establishing a distinct and paramount influence in Afghanistan . . . It (the mission) was so numerous as to look like an army rather than an embassy." The mission was stopped on the frontier, and this fact was made a *casus belli* by the British authorities. The war that followed was as unprofitable and discreditable as the first, but the cost (£15,000,000) fell mostly on the shoulders of the Indian taxpayer.

The more recent history of Anglo-Russian relations is common knowledge, and it largely concerns India. In 1885 a frontier "incident" at Pendjeh nearly brought on a war between the two powers, and in 1905 the opening of negotiations between Tibet and Russia was the reason for the "armed mission" sent to Llassa by Lord Curzon (Gooch, "History of our Time," p. 173). That "armed mission" is a real triumph in the history of official phraseology. I wonder how it would have done in 1914 to speak of Germany's "armed mission" to Belgium.

After the formation of the Triple Entente the fear of Germany largely replaced the fear of Russia in English minds, but once more there can be little doubt that our jealousy of Germany's activities in the East were closely bound up with this change. As early as 1835 Von Moltke and other Prussian officers had undertaken the reconstruction of the Turkish Army. By the end of the 19th century German influence had acquired a strong hold over the Sultan's Government. In 1898 William II visited Syria and proclaimed himself the protector of Mohammedans throughout the world. Britain's distrust of this menace to her eastern empire showed itself in a refusal to assist in the German project for a railway to Bagdad. The plan was continued, however, with the co-operation of Turkey. But Russian ambitions were here threatened almost as much as those of England, and the historic rivals of the Near East drew into a firmer compact against the intruder. So did the Indian Empire play its part in bringing on the World War in 1914.

All this time while the Indian frontier and the

road to India had been disturbing the courts of Europe, the venom of imperialism had not been idle in the Far East. History records three disgraceful wars waged with China. In 1837 the "heathen Chinee" had vetoed the importation of opium, and (in the words of Mr. Prothero) *"the English merchants in India,** stimulated by the high profit made from its sale smuggled it into the country," the Indian Government, meanwhile, protesting strongly against the loss of revenue occasioned by the reforms in China. The Chinese Government seized and destroyed the smuggled opium, and for the sake of these "English merchants in India" we went to war. China was compelled to pay £4,500,000 for the cost of the war and £1,250,000 for the contraband opium destroyed, and forced to "open" five ports—i. e., to withdraw her prohibition against opium and other goods. That was the first Chinese War—the direct result of our economic imperialism in India. The second "Opium War" was no less discreditable and was condemned in the English Parliament at the time both by Radicals and Tories. The Jingoism of the "men on the spot" rather than Indian imperial enterprise was the immediate cause of the second and third wars with China; but inasmuch as they were rendered almost inevitable by the "treaty" that concluded the first war, they may undoubtedly be laid at the door of "our Indian Empire." No mention of the Indo-Chinese relations would be complete without reference to the intervention of the Powers in 1927, when Indians troops were used against the express wishes of all parties in the Indian National Assembly. It may be mentioned that this use of Indian lives and Indian rupees in the quarrels of England is not the least of the many indictments that are to be made against the British Raj: thus for instance, India's forced "gift" towards the expenses of the Great War was £100,000,000, whilst another £100,000,000 is the estimated excess of her War Budget during the years 1914-18 over her normal military expenses: her tribute of blood was poured forth in Flanders, Gallipoli, Irak, and East Africa.

If this article were to include in its scope all the wars into which Britain has entered in the last 200 years it could be very easily shown that every one of them was fought either for the expansion or the preservation of her Empire—or in other words that every bloody conflict in which we have engaged was entered into for the maintenance of the Pax Britannica. The American Independence War was an unsuccessful attempt to maintain that "Peace," the Boer War a successful attempt (if the world can see any difference). But the present article is only intended to deal with the cost of this *Pax Britannica* in India; and by its cost I mean in this case not the economic drain and impoverishment of the country itself by an oppressive administration, but the cost in blood to the whole world of a "Peace" that is based upon violence. So for our purposes even such wars as that with Abyssinia (for which India was compelled to find men and money, though it was in no sense her quarrel) are hardly relevant. On the other hand, the various aggressive campaigns in Burma, by which England acquired that country at the expense of India, were all conducted in the name of imperial defense, and so were a direct result of Pax Britannica in India, although jealousy of French interests played some part in the matter. To these must be added the long series of wars by which we conquered India itself and the border raids and "missions" by which we kept it (numbering over one hundred in the last century) and the tale is—for the present—complete.

The immediate future of India's part in world politics is hard to determine. But assuming that Britain retains her hold on the country, a renewed clash between England and Russia is more likely to arise from our rival ambitions in the East than from any other cause. Shrewd observers have noticed the tendency of Bolshevik Russia to revert in many respects to her ancient Imperial traditions; and though her present isolation has led her to seek friendly relations with Turkey, there is little doubt that her Asiatic policy in general has changed very little. An important cause of this is that in 1918 and after we gave the Soviet Government good reason to fear our own ambitions in Turkestan. That was the time when Britain and India (perforce) pursued a glorious crusade in Central Asia with the noble object of restoring Czardom. The campaign failed, but had it ended otherwise who is to say whether the grateful Romanoffs would not have rewarded us with some concession?

This was the cause of the profound suspicion aroused in Russia since the rising in Afghanistan against King Amanullah. "Izvestia" was at the time confident that the outbreak was the work of British intrigue and "Aircraftsman Shaw" (Colonel Lawrence), was believed to be connected with the affair.

The truth or untruth of these charges is of little importance compared with the mentality that they illustrate. Russia is genuinely afraid of British ambition in the East, and in British minds Russia is still regarded as "The Enemy." It is in fact significant that by general admission the Bolshevik bogey in its guise as the symbol of World Revolution is being rapidly replaced in England by the older phantom of Russia, the aggressive military power of the Orient.

What are the logical deductions to be made from such a wealth of evidence as may be gathered from a reading of the Imperial history of the last two hundred years? We have mentioned several instances in which British imperialism in India has been the source of war and see that it contains in its continued existence the embryonic probability—some would say certainty—of further wars. For the moment we may discount the possibility of further aggression on Britain's part, and assume her to stand (as she appears to have done generally in recent years) for "Peace," on the basis of the *status quo*. Can we reasonably expect that other powers—a rejuvenated Russia, a paramount America, or an expanding Japan—will accept indefinitely a *status quo* whereby the lion's share of the world's produce and markets is held by Great Britain?

In a recent book on the causes of war, the distinguished French economist Mr. André Siegfried mentioned imperial rivalry as prime cause of modern warfare. He spoke of emigration, the possession of valuable mineral deposits, and the control of markets as the three great factors in this rivalry, which resolved itself into a matching of forces. In the case of India the first factor is irrelevant, but neither of the other two can be ignored, and with regard to the third cause we see that the shadow of Imperial Preference looms portentously in the near future. The Indian Government, that had already given preference to British steel, has now succeeded in enforcing preference in the cloth trade as the price of protection to the indigenous industry. It is hardly likely that the rest of the world will long remain a disinterested spectator of this eco-

*My italics.

nomic exploitation. Whether Imperial Preference comes in its complete form or not, the possibility of its institution has always to be reckoned with by those other countries which consider their right to the Indian trade to be as great as that of England.

It is therefore amply clear that the very existence of such an empire as we have in India must be a perpetual cause of strife. It is not, for the moment, a question of whether we can rule India best; though testimony on this point is anything but unanimous in our favor. Most Englishmen believe that their rule as conquerors compares favorably with that of other imperial powers. They may be right, but their opinion is entirely irrelevant, for they cannot reasonably expect the other powers to take the same view of the case. Self-assumed and self-delegated authority, even where its objective results are beneficial, can (in the nature of the case) only claim the sanction of force, and is always open to challenge by equal or superior force. In other words, the principle of self-government is not only morally unassailable but it is also pragmatically indispensable; for until the right of a nation to govern itself is recognized the privilege of governing it must always be a matter of dispute between rival claimants.

So, in the case of India, since her "Trustees" are self-appointed they have no moral claim to put before the world, and centuries of *usus fructus* cannot justify a system essentially unjustifiable. So long as India remains in the hands of Britain it will be coveted by those who started later in the race for empire, while our vested interest in the road to India must inevitably bring us into conflict from time to time with the rights and interests of others.

Empire, in fact, connotes military domination, pure and simple. It is derived from the word, "Imperator," which meant (originally) a general. The "Peace" of an empire is an armed peace, and an armed peace is a permanent invitation to war. That is where those shallow pacifists who try to establish the Kingdom of God without first rooting up the dominion of Caesar make their fatal mistake. It is always easy to talk of peace when one has already grabbed the lion's share; in fact a maintenance of the *status quo* is inevitably to the advantage of the conquerer. In this sense the diplomats of the Congress of Vienna were great pacifists, for they aimed at a co-operation of the despots of Europe to perpetuate absolute monarchy. This is the pacifism of the man on top telling the man underneath him to stop struggling. It is the pacifism of the thief who turns "honest man" without restoring his stolen property.

But there is only one sort of pacifism that can bring any lasting peace, and that is a pacifism that brings nobility to the serf and penitence to the tyrant. The principles of peace are, in fact, bound up both morally and practically with those of democracy. Nowhere is this clearer than in the conflict of East and West; nowhere is its recognition more urgent than in the affairs of India. I would not be so rash as to prophesy that a free India would automatically generate peace. The sincerest advocates of *Swaraj* contemplate the possibility of an interim of internal anarchy, which may have to come sooner or later when the unnatural alien government is removed, just as the habitual drug-taker or drunkard may find his system temporarily upset by a return to healthy living.

One may remark here, parenthetically, that it is a universal tradition to prefer such anarchy to servile peace. Thus the states of Europe, which are never tired of urging the benefit of their despotism in Asia or Africa, live themselves in a state of anarchy unequalled in the world's history. We persist in comparing Indian antagonisms with those of England or Ireland, whereas in point of numbers India ought to be compared with the whole of Europe. It would then be seen that India was a paradise of concord and unity compared with the mad-house that we showed the world in 1914. In all parts of the earth we desire greater harmony, but we of the West would scarcely relish the suggestion that this should be achieved by means of the Pan-European dictatorship (including Great Britain) of a Mussolini or a Pilsudski. Yet this is closely analogous to the "solution" that we have offered India.

The prospect of anarchy is to be reckoned with, and so is the fundamentally peaceful character of the country, deepened and spiritualized by the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi, which must eventually produce a better state of affairs. But both these aspects of the question are temporary, local and speculative. Far more fundamental to the problem of world peace is the fact that self-government provides the only *condition* upon which a solid foundation can be built. The virtue of such a settlement lies not in its immediate results but in the fact that it is the only settlement that can be justly and universally recognized as permanent. And that is the foundation stone of peace.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

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# Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

LVII

1.

Remember that if you can do a good deed, show love to someone, you must do it now, because the opportunity will pass and not return.

2.

We must serve God here and now. And therefore try to do here and now, what you consider your duty before your own soul and before God.

3.

When our life is now, in the present—God dwells in us. And therefore the present minute in life is dearest of all. Use all the forces of your soul that this minute should not pass in vain, and that you should not conceal from yourself the God who might be manifested in you.

4.

Repentance is always beneficial. Repentance is regret that you did not do formerly what you might have done. It is beneficial because in the time to come you will not miss an opportunity to do what you should in the present.

5.

It is hard in the midst of intercourse with people, in moments when we are carried away by thoughts of

the past and the future, to remember that our life is now, in this present moment. But how precious and important it is to remember this. Try to train yourself to it. A man avoids much evil if he trains himself thus to transfer the interests of life into that single moment in which it really exists.

6.

The older I grow, the more vivid my memories become. And it is surprising that I remember only the joyful and the good, and that I enjoy memories no less, and sometimes more, than I enjoyed the reality. What does this mean? It means that nothing passes, nothing will be or was, but all is. And the more life is revealed to us, the more sharply does that which is good and true stand out from the evil and the false, from that which is not and should not be.

We grow confused in deciding the question of the future life. The question is incorrectly, falsely stated. There is no future life. Life and the future—this is a contradiction; for life is only in the present. It only seems to us that it *was* and *will be*. We need to decide not the question of the future, but the question of how to live in the present, now.

8.

What is memory that out of me—the infant, the man in full vigor and the decrepit old man—makes me, one and the same being from childhood and to death? What is this quality that binds together as one, beings separate in time? We should ask, not what binds together, but what separates these beings. What separates them is that quality of time outside of which I cannot see myself. I am one and inseparable from birth and to death, but I must reveal and know myself in time.

LVIII

1.

Life consists only in making the animal in us ever more and more spiritual. And for this we need what we call evil. Only through freeing ourselves from what we call evil, through sorrows, illnesses, sufferings, do we learn to make over our animal self into the spiritual.

2.

From the single fact that we all know how weak and often how bad those men are who have nothing but success in life, who are always well and rich, who know neither injury nor humiliation, it is clear how necessary trials are to man. And yet we so often complain when we have to undergo them.

3.

"Even if a man could keep from fearing death and from thinking of it, the mere suffering, the terrible, purposeless, unjustifiable and ever unavoidable suffering to which he is subjected, would be enough to do away with any rational meaning that is ascribed to life," some people say.

"I am doing a good work, undoubtedly useful to others, and suddenly illness lays hold of me, breaks off my work, and exhausts and torments me without any rhyme or reason. . . . A bolt in the rails has rusted through, and on the very day it falls out, a good woman, a mother, had to be travelling in this very train, in this very carriage, and must needs be crushed before the eyes of her children. . . . The exact spot where Lisbon or Verny stands, sinks into the ground and quite innocent people are buried alive and die in terrible anguish. To what purpose are these thousands of terrible, senseless accidents, these sufferings with which men are stricken? What sense has this?"

The answer is that these arguments are perfectly just for men who do not recognize the spiritual life. But as a matter of fact there neither are nor can be any sound men who do not recognize the spiritual life. They only think they do not recognize it. For men who understand their life as personal existence, if only they drew the conclusions that inevitably follow from a purely physical conception of life, would not keep on living for one minute. No workman would live with a master who, when hiring, reserved the right whenever he pleased to roast the workman alive over a slow fire, or to flay him alive, or to stretch his sinews on the rack; and reserved the right in general to do, without cause or explanation, all the horrible things that he does to his workmen, before the very eyes of him who came to be hired. If men actually understood life quite as they say they do, no one would keep on living in the world if only for fear of all the acute and inexplicable sufferings which he sees about him, and to which he may fall a victim at any second.

But men—men live, complain, weep over their sufferings, and continue to live.

There is only one explanation of this strange contradiction: in the depths of their soul, all men know that life is not physical but spiritual, and that each suffering is always necessary, indispensable for the good of the spiritual life. When they rebel against suffering, but continue to live, this only comes about because, while they affirm the physical nature of life with their reason, in the depths of their soul they know that life is spiritual and that no suffering whatsoever can deprive man of his true felicity.

4.

Physical growth is only the preparation of reserves for the spiritual growth, that begins with the fading of the body.

LIX

1.

If death be terrible, the cause of this is not in it but in us. The better a man is, the less he fears death.

For the saint there is no death.

2.

You fear death, but stop to think what would happen to you if you had to live forever, such as you are.

3.

If life is slumber, and death an awakening, then the fact that I see myself as separate from all beings is a dream.

4.

In the last moments before death, the spiritual essence leaves the body; and we do not know whether, on leaving the body, it unites with that essence of all, which is outside of time and beyond space, or whether it passes over into still another limited form; we only know that the body is abandoned by that which gave it life, and becomes merely an object.

5.

Man, as an animal, resists death, but thanks to reason he can always substitute for this resistance, not merely submission, but assent.

6.

Something is revealed to the dying at the moment

of death. "Ah, so that is it," the expression of a dying man always seems to say. But we, who remain behind, cannot see what is revealed to him. It will be revealed to us later, in due time.

7.

The thought of the imminence of death ranges all our deeds according to the degree of their real importance for our life. A man condemned to immediate execution will concern himself neither with increasing or preserving his property, nor with making a reputation for himself, nor with the triumph of his nation over others, nor with the discovery of a new planet, and so forth. But a moment before the execution he will try to comfort the sorrowing, to lift up an old man who has fallen, to bind up a wound, to mend a toy for a child.

8.

Is there a future life? Whether it is future—I do not know. I know that there is a God, by whose will I entered into this temporary life, and live in it. This temporary life will come to an end also by His will; hence I shall again be in His will. So that from Thee I came forth, and to Thee I go; or rather, I have always been in Thee and I remain in Thee. In this lies the answer—when the imminence of death troubles us. Sometimes, and especially when you surrender yourself without thinking, it is so easy and simple.

9.

The whole life of man is a series of changes, that can be observed, though they are imperceptible to him. But the beginning of these changes, which takes place in early infancy, and the end of them—in death, are inaccessible to man.

10.

Death is a change in that form with which our spirit is united. We should not confuse with the form that which is united with it.

11.

Whatever may befall you, you cannot be unhappy so long as you are conscious of your unity with God.

12.

Know and remember that if a man is unhappy, he himself is to blame, because God created men for their own happiness and not that they should be unhappy.

Of all that God grants us in this life, he put one part at our complete disposal, and this makes up as it were our own property; while the other part lies beyond our power, does not belong to us. All that others can take away from us, does not belong to us; but all that nothing and no one can harm or interfere with is our own property. And God in his mercy gave us as our own, just that which is real happiness. God is not our enemy; he has acted toward us as a good father. He has only failed to give us what cannot make us happy.

13.

My life is not mine, and therefore its aim cannot be my happiness alone, its aim can only be that which he wills, who sent me into life. And he wills love of all toward all, the very thing in which lies my individual happiness and the happiness of all.

*(To Be Continued)*

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# Trumpets on New Horizons

## Stored Wheat

Fields were heavy with my beauty;
Hope grew golden in my plumes.
Here I lie in bitter wastage
While far famine fills the tombs;
And the farmers who have raised me
Would be bettered were I chaff,
All their labor gone for less than
A deleted paragraph.
I am treated as a menace
When the urge within my breast
Is to feed the hungry peoples,
Be they east or be they west.

Is there none to break my bondage;
Set me free to ship and sail!
Oh, beyond these shores I trouble
I can hear the constant wail
Of the famished, dying children
Whom I would not, but must, fail.
Is there no one to remember
I am meant for making bread?
Cast me then upon the waters
That the hungry may be fed?

LEFA MORSE EDDY

## City in Winter Dusk

Embroideries of light are breaking out
Along the canyons; varicolored, high
Brilliants dominate the darkening sky,
Putting all other challenges to rout
As splendidly they burn and flash about,
Crying, "Look, listen, give us a try!—
We are transcendent; come, buy, buy!"
Thus loud and long through the winter night they shout.
And the homing human tides at the city's feet
Learn as they look what will make life replete—
And proud. But back on a sordid thoroughfare
Grim pools of life reflect drab signboards where
Jobless men, pilloried by fate,
Beseech a chance before it is too late.

D. SANIAL GILL

## Nothing But a Carpenter

He was nothing but a carpenter
Within a narrow shop,
And rich folks passed with scornful eye,
Nor ever deigned to stop.

The villagers oft looked askance,
And said, this Man was queer.
He gave no thought to earthly gain
And talked just like a seer.

Men brought their troubles, one by one,
He eased them of their load,
And sent them singing in their hearts,
As they trudged down the road.

Oft women came, with shy, sweet smile,
They filled the little place,
He'd pause and give them counsel—and then
They'd leave with shining face.

But children came the most of all,
They'd clasp Him by the hand,
And dance about Him in the shop,
A young and joyous band.

JAMES GABELLE

# The Study Table

## The "True" Abraham Lincoln

The new book* by the author of the "Spoon River Anthology," Mr. Masters, on "Lincoln, the Man," is in line with the sundry books on "The True Franklin," "The True Washington," and the other "true" worthies, to which we are getting used. The titles are always a warning; they usually herald an *omnium gatherum* by an order of mind to which "truth" means gossip, minds destitute of any philosophy of history or of life or any dominant interest in the larger and central significance of their subject, but capable of assiduous search for a class of facts which appeal to the great company of yet smaller minds of the species. They relish implications that great men are small like themselves. On the back-stairs all men look much alike. The great flock of Philistines who believe that they are "as good as anybody" are fortified and fed by the exhibition of any trait or chapter in the lives of great men that is akin to their own small outlook or experience. "A hero is none to his valet," runs the proverb. "That," well says Hegel, "is not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet."

We had a case of this sort of literature in a recent book on the early life of Washington. It angered and humiliated many of us. But Albert Bushnell Hart was not content with being angry. He checked it up, and in a detailed paper before the Massachusetts Historical society brought out the fact that he had listed over 600 demonstrable misstatements in the book. It was a timely performance and propitiously cleared the ground of that particular rubbish just as we approach the Washington bicentenary.

It is indeed too late in the day for petty attempts upon the face of Abraham Lincoln, which looms so grandly, and this untimely anti-Lincoln book will prove negligible. I recur to it for two specific reasons. The writer of the book chooses to bring Lincoln into distinct contrast and opposition to Jefferson. "Lincoln was not great at all, but Jefferson was a very great man." The book is dedicated to "the memory of Thomas Jefferson," the "greatest of the Presidents." Lincoln, the enemy according to the theory of the principles of Jefferson, crushed the principles of free government in the republic. The war which he conducted was "an invasion and subjugation of the southern states," by "a power wholly usurped." This word shows the real animus of the book. One had thought that this species was extinct, but it is not. The writer's further point is that Lincoln was "ignorant of American history and of the meaning of the constitution." His specific historical lack was a "well-based opinion on secession."

The truth is that Lincoln was a most assiduous and accurate student of our history, and especially of the framing and adoption of the Constitution and the organization of the Northwest, of everything which affected the great controversy in which he was called to take so responsible a part. The whole series of the debates with Douglas, with the great Cooper Union address of 1860 which continued and summarized that argument, was throughout a constant appeal to our political history for the 70 years following the adoption of the constitution and the years immediately preceding; and every careful student of that famous forensic chapter knows the thoroughness of Lincoln's historical knowledge and the firmness of his grasp.

What is the "well-based opinion on secession" warranted by the historical saints of our Spoon River Lincolnphobist? Does he know what Jefferson said, and Madison? Does he think that Jefferson's Kentucky resolutions and Madison's Virginia resolutions, of 1798 and 1799, sanctioned secession? The two were written for the same purpose and meant the same thing and neither remotely sanctioned secession. As Mr. Masters is such a stickler for historical knowledge, and so presumably a historical authority, he is surely familiar with Madison's letter to Hamilton when Hamilton was in the thick of his mighty effort for the ratification of the constitution in the New York convention in 1788.

The right of secession, Madison wrote, was never contemplated by the framers of the constitution, and was preposterous; no government could provide for its own destruction. Let Mr. Masters refresh himself much more on Madison's special disquisition on the subject in 1835, following the nullification agitation in South Carolina. He specifically denied that the notions of Calhoun then bruited had any relation to his principles and Jefferson's or found any support in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions. Madison and Jefferson and Hamilton, the last so different from the other two in general theories of politics and government, all thought alike on that subject; and they thought as Lincoln thought.

The attempt to exhibit Lincoln in opposition to Jefferson is as ridiculous as it is abominable, and shows gross ignorance indeed of elementary and fundamental facts of our political history. It is the climax of the ironical and fatuous performances in recent political discussion. Lincoln was Jefferson's disciple and his greatest disciple. The most memorable tribute to Jefferson which exists is Lincoln's tribute; as Jefferson's own tribute to Washington is the most memorable tribute to Washington. We in Boston can not forget that Lincoln's letter embodying that great tribute to Jefferson was addressed to a Republican Jefferson celebration in Boston, the year before his election.

It is impossible here to quote largely from that famous message, nor is it necessary. Indeed, it can be fittingly considered only in its integrity. "The principles of Jefferson," Lincoln wrote, "are the definitions and axioms of free society." And when the talk is of "crushing the principles of free government" it must be remembered that it was precisely here that Lincoln, invoking those great principles of Jefferson, about which southern Democrats at that critical hour were silent, proclaimed them "applicable to all men and all times, a rebuke and stumbling-block to the harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression." Many men even in New England forget that the new Republican party, in its famous Philadelphia platform of 1856, dedicated itself to restoring the federal government to "the principles of Washington and Jefferson." Two years before that, in one of his Illinois speeches Lincoln had spoken of Jefferson as being and likely to continue to be our greatest political thinker. Lincoln and Jefferson stand politically for the same thing.

As illustrating alike Lincoln's love of Jefferson and his exact use of history, it may be said that in the

*"Lincoln, the Man," by Edgar Lee Masters. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

standard edition of Lincoln's writings there are indexed 41 references to Jefferson. I have had occasion to verify these references, and every one of them is accurate and bears witness to his thorough critical study and his keen perception of the pregnancy of Jefferson's thought and efforts, especially his antislavery effort in the proposed ordinance of 1784, in their bearing upon the great cause to which his own life was devoted. Jefferson was the pre-eminent antislavery man among the founders of the republic.

I do not know where Spoon River is. It is a fair surmise that it flows into the Dead sea. I understand that the "Spoon River Anthology" is devoted to ransacking among graves and tombs. It is to that and to cheap gossip about those sides of Lincoln's life, especially his early life, which are least important, that this ill-born book is devoted. The writer laboriously digs up a lot of stuff which it were well to leave buried, petty things in no way discreditable to the growing Lincoln, but heaped together here with the mean aim to vulgarize and dwarf him because he did not take the southern view in the Civil War. It is hard for the normal man to divine what satisfaction or delight a historical workman takes in such a vocation.

Lincoln's early life slightly concerns the broad student of history and of Lincoln himself. His momentous development in character and power was during the awful responsibilities of his four years as President in the Civil war. But any man who has not discovered that already in 1858 Abraham Lincoln was a great man confesses judgment on his brains. Of his early life Lincoln himself once said that it was all told in the single line: "The short and simple annals of the poor." That he was born in the deepest destitution and obscurity simply adds to his glory by its accentuation of the potency of his genius and his aspiration. About the trivalities of his early struggles and the ups and downs of later courts and caucuses, the serious American does not care to know much and does not need to know. These are the luscious things for chroniclers of small beer and the opportunity for addition to a crop of books already much too large. It was no ordinary young man who at the age of 20 made such an impression on William Cullen Bryant in his accidental evening with him at the tavern in the Illinois village, and whom he met next 30 years afterwards when he presided at his great Cooper Union meeting.

Before me as I write is an article in a paper of today, upon "The Autopsy upon an 'Immortal' "—no matter upon whom or what. There can be no autopsy upon the immortal. Stanton said truly of Lincoln as he died, "Now he belongs to the ages." He is of the immortals. Spoon River attempts at his autopsy can only bring discomfiture to Spoon River, because the subject quite transcends Spoon River tools.

Such categories indeed as that to which immortality pertains make no appeal to our Lincoln hater. He brings it against Lincoln that he was the first President to introduce the "cant and hypocrisy" of appeal to Christianity and God into American politics. The talk of God in politics seems to be as repugnant to him as it is to some Russian folk in this same year of grace. He is mistaken, however, as to Lincoln's religious priority; Lincoln was indeed more reticent than almost any other in his religious language. Jefferson—not here to mention Washington—in the very Declaration of Independence appealed to "the laws of Nature and of Nature's God" and invoked for the nation in that hour of its birth "the protection of divine Providence"; and in the last words of his inaugural address as President he invoked for himself and for his country the guidance of "the Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

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### A French Frank Crane

It would seem that America is not alone in possessing minor prophets like Frank Crane, Glenn Frank and Dorothy Dix. Apparently France has them also and Franc-Nohain seems to be one of them.

H. G. Wells once said that "people will listen to sermons these days but not in church." M. Nohain seems to exemplify this because it is said that he is very popular in France, and he apparently preaches ethical sermons which are utterly innocuous. They will hurt nobody even if they will help nobody. He calls his book, "Life's an Art,"* but if Mr. Nohain is to be believed it is a very minor art, whereas the facts are that it is sometimes a tragedy and if it is an art it rises to the highest peak.

M. Nohain is a witty journalist, somewhat of a poet, and apparently dreams dreams very much like Hamilton Wright Mabie, and in this book he discourses upon a great number of the usual things of life, and has something to say about the virtues of getting old, the annoyance of death, and has a particularly innocuous chapter on what love is. Your present reviewer has never discovered what love is and has received very little illumination from a careful perusal of M. Nohain's chapter. He would take exception, however, to one of Mr. Nohain's sentences in which he says that love is a choice. According to Judge Lindsay it is very much more frequently an accident. Furthermore he says a gentleman loves a lady, she loves, they both love—that is all there is to love, and that is the end of it. This is delightfully simple but unfortunately quite untrue. There is very much more to it, as our law courts show in the frequent reports of suits for alimony. If Mr. Mencken read this book he would find a good deal of material for "Americana," or alternatively might start a new article on Franco-Phobia. M. Nohain is best known as Maurice Legrand, a humorous poet, and judging from this book he would function better as a humorous poet than as a minor philosopher. Dewey is dull and difficult reading but he has content, and if your present reviewer is seeking philosophy he would prefer Dewey to Nohain. In so far as essays are concerned the French Montaigne and the American Emerson are to be preferred, even though Emerson took himself far too seriously.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

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"The proper function of a government is to make it easy for people to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong."—*Gladstone.*

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They that make laws must keep them.—*Xenophanes.*

*"Life's an Art," by M. Franc-Nohain. Published by Henry Holt & Co.. $2.00.

(*Continued from page* 18)

me, but, crying for help, I succeeded in escaping from his office, remembering the tragic fate of Grozdanka Zafirtcheva, who was murdered by a confrere of Petrovitch after she had been subjected to odious acts of violence.

In the course of my numerous appearances before him, the "ban" Jika Latzich tried to force me by threats and promises to copy and sign the "declarations of repentence" prepared according to the "revelations" of the agent-provocateur, Karadjitch, but I remained faithful to my decision to resist all these attacks upon my conscience to the uttermost, not to sign the proposed "declarations." When Jika Lazitch, brandishing his fists and shouting at me the while, threatened me with death if I did not sign the avowal, I asked that the agent-provocateur—who was waiting in the next room—should be brought before me and requested to repeat his accusations in my presence, but the "ban" refused, thus admitting the inconsistency of Karadjitch's "revelations." As I protested against the brutal methods used against me and against my brother, who was confined to bed in consequence, and proposed that Jika Lazitch should apply for information on the subject to honest people, even to the Serbian colonists from the Sandjak and Choumadia, the "ban" cynically admitted that all the particulars were in our favor but, he added: "it is just they—the honest ones and idealists—whom we most fear. Consequently, the situation does not improve for you."

**Victim's Tomb Defiled**

My brother died after a few more appearances before the police. Following upon this sad event, the police let me alone for two or three days. As I did not wish to sign the declaration which the "ban" demanded and, on the other hand, I was not sure of being able to resist the physical torments which were in store for me, I took advantage of the respite and hid myself among relatives and friends, without corresponding with my parents, who were constantly policed by detectives, and cruelly persecuted in order to force them to reveal my hiding-place. An attempt was even made to carry away my young brothers in the night, with the object of murdering them. In order to torment my parents and take their revenge upon them for my flight, the police did not refrain from committing the vilest act of desecration imaginable: they odiously defiled the fresh tomb of my brother. . . . Similar threats and acts of violence were adopted regarding my other school comrades. Some were tortured and terrorized in the ministry of police, others were constantly visited at their houses by gendarmes. . . .

In the course of their recent campaign of violence to the consciences of the Macedonian students, the Serbs have repeatedly proposed to us the formation of an "Association of the Students of Southern Serbia," and a subsequent demonstration at Skopie, on behalf of Serbian Yugoslavia, to sing the praises of the Dictatorship and to announce publicly that we are Serbs, that there are no Bulgars in Macedonia, that we do not claim our rights as minorities, etc. . . . All that I have exposed is but an infinitesimal part of the sufferings endured by my young compatriots in the course of the past few months only. The entire Macedonian nation groans under an unbearable reign of terror, deprived of all national liberty, ruined economically by a crushing burden of taxation and arbitrary fines by the authorities, who sell by auction, and at ridiculous prices, up to the last ox and sheep of the Macedonian agriculturist, and to the last stick of the trader's furniture. No one dares protest, because any protest is considered as "anti-State activity" and as an act of rebellion against Serbian power in Macedonia. To illustrate the methods of oppression employed by this power, I will quote the following few examples, taken at random from among thousands of others:

(1) In order to revenge themselves upon the Macedonian emigrants and to prevent others from flying to Bulgaria and exposing the truth concerning the regime, no passports are granted to emigrants' wives. What is more—*they are even forced, by means of tortures, to file petitions for divorce, prepared at the headquarters of the Serbian Bishopric. The ecclesiastical authority forthwith dissolves the marriages, on the strength of the extorted petitions, and the unfortunate women are thereupon forced to marry Serbian gendarmes from Choumadia.*

Among the women thus forcibly divorced, I will quote the following names: Jana Lazarova, of the village of Koudino; Tofa Nakova, of Kniajevo; Stana Saltirova, of Kniajevo; Petra Avxentieva, of Dobrevo; Kostadina Miladmova, of Dobrevo; Tassa Gueorguiva, of Kalnichte; Ilinka Yakimova, of Kavrak; Todorova Saltirova Ananieva, of Kniajevo; Ristena Anguelova, of Prikovtzi; Kata Milanova, of Kounovo, etc., etc.

(2) In view of the fact that the authorities grant recompense and advancement in case of marriages solemnized between the Serbian colonists and the local women (this is done in order to create parental bonds and to wipe out the tension existing between the Macedonian Bulgars and the Serbian intruders) many Serbian functionaries and gendarmes violate young girls in order to secure them as wives. Not only do the authorities leave these criminals unpunished, but they reward them.

(3) The population is forbidden to celebrate its traditional "patronymic fête." The authorities keep watch over the people and order the families to compulsory work on the day of the fête. On the other hand, all families are forced to celebrate the Serbian custom of the "Slava," under the supervision of the Serbian priests and functionaries, who come several times during the day to see whether the families are really celebrating.

(4) In the church of Saint Dimitri, at Skopie, were to be found the tombs of the leaders of the Bulgarian renaissance, Kara Iove, Hadji Traiko, Drango, etc. Naturally, these tombs bore epitaphs in the Bulgarian tongue. The people often marched in procession to pay homage to these symbols of the Bulgarian spirit, the resurrection of which began at Skopie in 1829. The Serbs have destroyed the tombs and have removed the bones. They have also destroyed the tomb of the hero of Skopie, Boris Drangoff.

(5) Singing national songs is considered a crime. After the conviction of the citizens of Tetovo, condemned for a "crime" of this kind, the police have arrested and savagely beaten in prison the brothers Steftcheff, of Skopie, who had been singing Bulgarian songs in their shoemakers' shop.

(6) Under orders from the Patriarch Varnava, the ecclesiastical authorities have forbidden prominent Bulgars access to the monasteries. This is no wonder to us, who know that the Patriarch Varnava is a former Serbian comitadji, who pronounced the death sentences against the Macedonian Bulgars and which sentences were executed by the Serbian Association of comitadjis "Petar Markovitch."

(7) The widow of the chemist, Milan Guenoff, who was murdered by order of this "executive," was forbidden to wear mourning for her husband. She was summoned several times by the police and forced to lay aside her mourning attire. The customary mourning placed at her door was stripped off by the Serbs. Similarly, the parents of Stoyan Todoroff, of Vinitza, who was murdered by the Serbs, received orders forbidding them to wear mourning. This order was given by the executioner himself, Captain Stoyanovitch.

(8) The same Captain Stoyanovitch forced a peasant of Vinitza in the middle of the night to visit his brothers' tomb and smash the headstone which bore a Bulgarian inscription.

(9) The father of the youth Ivan, of the village of Liubantzi (in the vicinity of Skopie), who was killed by the Serbian gendarmes, ran half demented with grief through the streets of Skopie, telling everyone how the gendarmes had assassinated his only son. He was arrested and was never heard of again.

(10) The gendarmes who killed the student Blagoye Moneff, in the cellar of the prefecture, speak of their crime as of the "execution of an order," given by the "joupan" Michailovitch, of Chtip. The mother of this young victim ceaselessly requested the authorization to go to Skopie and to Belgrade (no one in Macedonia can go from one village to another without this authorization) in order to lodge a complaint. But Michailovitch sent her away every time, and prohibited her from passing the urban limits.

A few more audacious citizens and young men of Chtip signed a declaration asking the authorities the whereabouts of the student Moneff who disappeared after having been summoned to the town hall. No reply being forthcoming from the authorities, a number of citizens visited Colonel Michailovitch and asked him directly what had happened to the young man. Michailovitch replied: "You had better not proceed further in this matter, if you do not want to share the same fate."

(11) After the submission to the

League of Nations of the petition of the Macedonian citizens by Messrs. Anastassoff, Chaleff and Ilieff, the authorities of Kavadartzi summoned the brother of the former gentleman and forced him, under threat of death, to disown M. Anastassoff. . . .

(12) The following system is followed in order to inflict fines upon agriculturists: As soon as the mayor and the gendarmes (immigrants from Choumadia) learn that a peasant has gone to his fields, an urgent summons to the town hall is sent him. Naturally, as the peasant is in his fields and not at home, he cannot obey the summons immediately. This fact costs him a heavy fine, which he must pay, even at the price of the sale of his cattle.

(13) Headgear provides another means of inflicting fines. No Macedonian peasant is allowed to wear a cap other than the Serbian military cap called "chaikatch." He who is found to be without his "chaikatch" is at once heavily fined.

**Education of Children**

Similar examples might be enumerated by hundreds. But, in order not to abuse my readers' patience, I will conclude by giving a few examples of how little Macedonian children are treated in the Serbian schools.

(a) A schoolgirl of Skopie (whose name I will pass over in silence for obvious reasons) replying to a question by her teacher concerning her nationality—this question is often put in Macedonian schools, in compliance with an order from superior quarters—said with pride that she was a Bulgar and that nobody could convince her to the contrary. This "audacity" on the part of a schoolgirl provoked the convocation of a tribunal of teachers, who, after lengthy debates, could devise no other punishment than to recommend her teachers prevent her from passing any of her examinations. This punishment has been applied to many Macedonian schoolchildren, who have openly declared their Bulgarian nationality.

(b) Rendered desperate by the failure of the propaganda of denationalization in the secondary schools, the Serbs are now concentrating on the primary schools. They create scholarships and prizes in order to separate children from their native circles and shape their innocent souls according to their will. A new method has just been invented for older children. For a year past, almost all the secondary schools have been closed in Macedonia. In order to effect their secondary studies, Macedonian children are forced to go to old Serbia, where scholarships have been created for them. . . .

(c) By means of various gifts—sweets, pictures, playthings, etc.—the Serbian teachers encourage espionage among the little children, and get them to report all that their parents say at home, whether they are Bulgars or Serbs, etc. The parents are in despair and dare not say anything before their children at home.

In exposing all this, I address an earnest appeal to all humanitarian associations in the world, to all women's and university organizations, and to all honest people, to take up, in the name of justice and humanity, the defense of my brethren who suffer in Macedonia the most refined moral and physical torments. In the name of the persecuted youth of Macedonia, I am addressing young people in all nations, and would ask them to intervene in our behalf. The Macedonian people have reached the climax of their sufferings. They expect the support of the free nations in their struggle for their national defense, for liberty and for peace, which are to them the most priceless possessions, in order to fit themselves to serve as an element for the security and as a collaborator in the progress of the whole Balkan peninsula.

GHENA VELEVA
Political emigrant from Macedonia under Yugoslav domination.
*Vienna, Austria*

## Conference of the National Federation of Religious Liberals

Together with the annual business session and the Quadrennial election of members of the commission. Abraham Lincoln Centre, St. Paul's Universalist Church, the First Unitarian Church, Chicago, Illinois, March 10-11, 1931.

**Tuesday, March 10**

10:00 a. m.—Meeting of the Executive Committee at the Headquarters of the Federation, 105 South Dearborn St.

8:00 p. m.—Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd.

"If I Were Building a Church Today"—by the Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., President of the Universalist General Convention, and Minister of the Universalist Church in Detroit, Mich.

"What Constitutes a Liberal"—by Dr. Louis L. Mann, of the Chicago Sinai Congregation.

**Wednesday, March 11**

12:00 p. m.—Luncheon meeting with the Liberal Ministers' Club of Chicago, at the First Unitarian Church, 1176 East Fifty-seventh St. The Rev. Von Ogden Vogt, Litt.D., will be the speaker, on "Religion as the Comprehending Experience."

2:00 p. m.—Business meeting of the Federation, with the quadrennial election of members of the Commission. The meeting will be held at the First Unitarian Church.

8:00 p. m.—St. Paul's Universalist Church on the Midway, 6010 Dorchester Ave. Topic—The Danger of Religious Reaction. "What the Danger Is"—by the Rev. Dr. Horace J. Bridges, leader of the Chicago Ethical Society. "How to Meet It"—by the Rev. Frederick M. Eliot, Minister of the Unitarian Church in St. Paul, Minn.

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